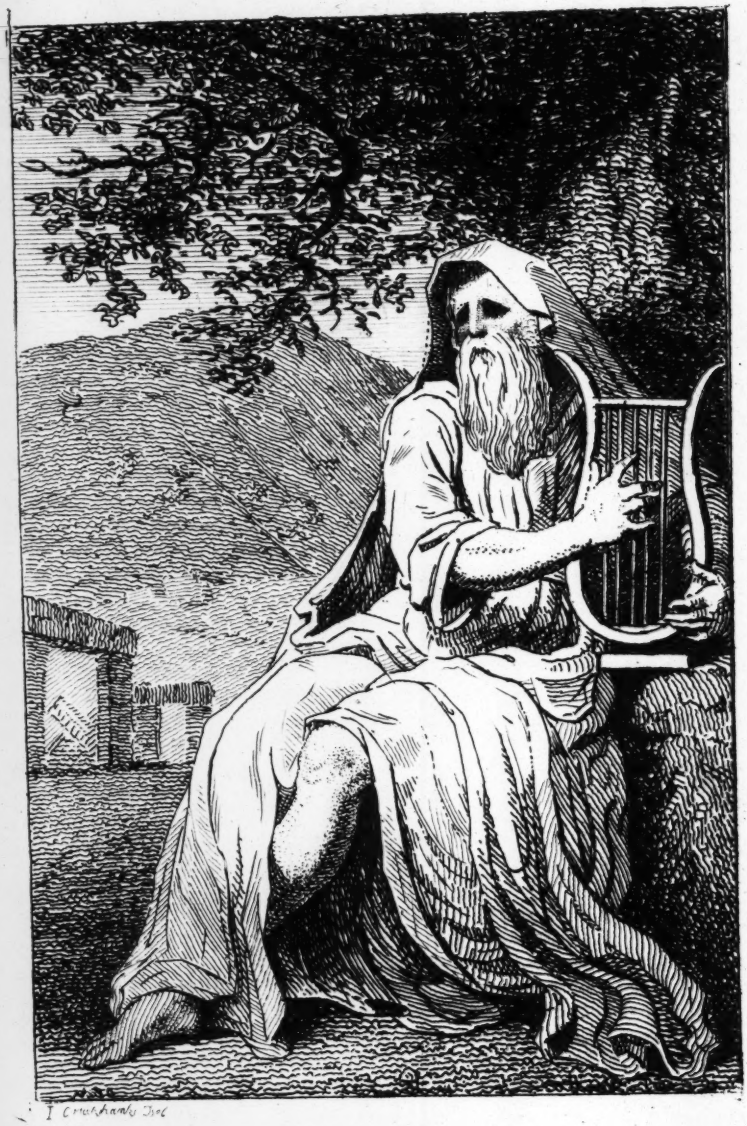
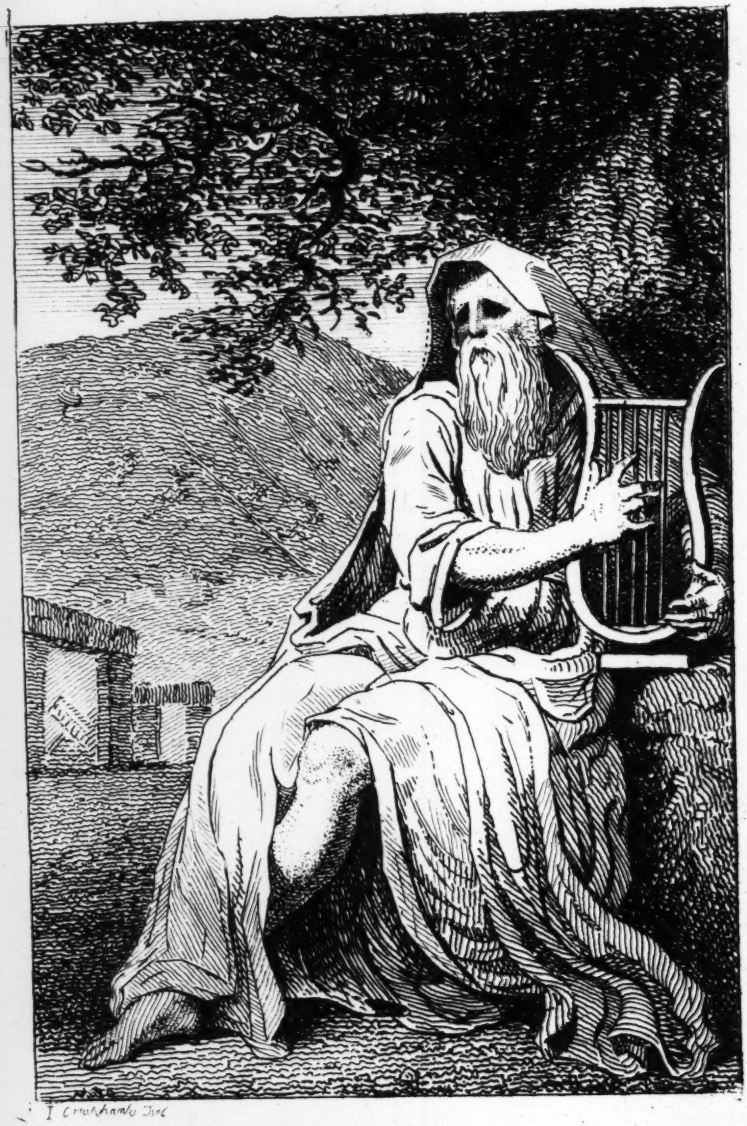


G. Cruikshank Sculpt

London Pub.d by W.m Collins N.o 19 Bolsover.t 1.st January 1.st 1793



G. Cruikshank Sculpt

London Pub.d by W.m Collins N.o 19 Bolsover.t 1.st January 1.st 1793

THE

# BRITISH LYRE;

OR,

# MUSES' REPOSITORY,

FOR THE YEAR

1793.

CONTAINING,

A MORE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF NEW SONGS, SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED LYRIC GENIUSES OF THE AGE, THAN ANY BOOK EVER YET OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

TO BE CONTINUED ANNUALLY.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED BY J. DESMOND, NO. 14, WELLS-STREET, AND SOLD BY W. COLLINS, NO. 19, BOLSOVER-STREET, OXFORD-STREET.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

# PREFACE.

THE Publiſher of the following Songs requeſts the attention of his Readers, to a few hints, by way of Preface.

And Firſt—that with as much ſincerity as any Bookſeller, Author, or Compiler is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs, he doth here declare, that in the diſtribution, or inſertion of the many Lyric Favours he has been honoured with for this little Work, he has never been guided by that vulgar monſter, *illiberal Prejudice.*

Secondly—that he hath not ſuppreſſed any Song of ſufficient merit, which came to hand in time, from any other motive, than the *love* he has always, and will ever continue to have for that meek-eyed *Divinity, Peace*; under whoſe benign auſpices alone, the MUSES can ever tune their LYRE to the never dying ſtrain of BRITANNIA'S GLORY.

And in Concluſion, he doth farther aſſert, That it was with the greateſt reluctance he was prevailed upon to inſert any Song on the hackneyed Subject of Politics; but as

as thoſe Gentlemen whoſe favours are here publiſhed, aſſured him their efforts would certainly be a means of convincing the diſaffected to this proſperous and happy Land, that both RHYME and REASON was againſt them; his *Duty* and *Will* immediately aſſented. However—to eſcape the imputation of *groſs partiality*, he has given a ſmall ſpace—not to the ſanguinary effuſions of deteſtable Regicides; not to the enemies of our Britiſh Government and its envied Conſtitution;—not to the brainſick Enthuſiaſts of imaginary *Perfection*;—but to the *honeſt Foes* of CORRUPTION, both *Foreign* and *Domeſtic*.

If this candid DECLARATION pleaſes thee not, impartial Reader, thou haſt full liberty of proceeding farther, or, of burning the Book,

From him who is the Public's humble Servant, but not the Slave of any Man.

W. COLLINS.

Bolsover-Street,
Jan. 5th, 1793.

THE

# BRITISH LYRE.

## A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG,

(NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT,)

By a celebrated Genius of the preſent Age.

SINCE life is uncertain and mirth in our power,
Let friendſhip and pleaſure preſide o'er this hour,
Whilſt we may, in the ſtreams of good wine let us lave,
For Death keeps no cellar *that ſneak* in the grave.
Let none enter here with a puritan face,
For ſuch as love preaching the church is the place;
Be wiſdom too baniſh'd, our motto be fun,
And he who wants wit let him ſhine in a pun.
Then puſh round the glaſs, whilſt we've life let us live,
And enjoy all the pleaſures this planet can give.
Be contention amongſt us ne'er ſuffered to ſpring,
But who ſhall ſing loudeſt God ſave our good King.

To refuſe what the Gods in their bounty have given,
Is ſhewing confounded ill manners to Heaven;
In the good things they give we ſhould always ſurvey
Meant for bliſs, nor pretend to be wiſer than they.
I'm ſorry to croak, but Death, that old ſcrub,
Will one day ſpoil our ſinging, and *break up this club*.
Then Comus befriend us, and help us to riſe,
And join in full chorus again in the ſkies.
Then puſh round the glaſs, &c.

## A *NEW* LOYAL SONG BY AN *OLD* LOYAL SUBJECT;

*Or a Parody on "When Freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome."*

WHEN Falſhood deſcended from Pride's lofty dome,
And wander'd dejected in ſearch of a home,
Jove willing to fix her with ſome knaviſh band,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land,
Turn'd the globe, &c.
With keen circumſpection he ey'd the huge ball,
And found with regret *ſome* demerit in all;
But ſeeing in *Gallia* fell anarchy ſown,
Declar'd it adapted for *dark Falſhood's* throne;
Declar'd it adapted,
Declar'd it adapted,
Declar'd it adapted for dark Falſhood's throne.

Gay Momus declar'd, in a broad grinning fit,
That *Falſhood* and *Pain* ſhou'd be damn'd by each *Wit*;
And Venus look'd ſadly at old Father Jove,
When ſhe wiſh'd to remove her dear Empire of Love,
When ſhe wiſh'd, &c.
Then Mars ſternly broke from his Miſtreſs's ſide,
And ſwore his whole thunder for France he'd provide,
While Bacchus declar'd that his heart-cheering juice,
For *Levelling Traitors* he ne'er wou'd produce,
For *Levelling*, &c.

Now to render compleat all the *Evils* that paſt,
And provided as long as confuſion ſhou'd laſt,
It was mov'd—and that inſtant this *Curſe* was loud given,
By all the Celeſtials that dwell within Heaven,
By all the Celeſtials, &c.
And this *Curſe* of the Gods was—*O! mark it, ye Free,*
*May all Painites be hang'd on their favourite Tree.*
*May all Painites*, &c.

OH!

## OH! THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

A FAVOURITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. JOHNSON IN THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

*** The Muſic of which, and the Twelve following Songs, may be had at Mr. SMART's Muſic Ware-houſe, No. 331, Oxford-ſtreet.

OH the moment was ſad when my love and I parted,
Sa-vour-na de-ligh ſhigh-an oh!
As I kiſs'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted,
Sa-vour-na de-ligh ſhigh-an oh!
Wan was her cheek which hung on my ſhoulder;
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
I felt that I never again ſhould behold her:
Sa-vour-na de-ligh ſhigh-an oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Sa-vourna de-ligh &c.
I buckled my knapſack to croſs the wide ocean,
Sa-vour-na, &c.
Briſk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient of plunder,
My boſom with grief was almoſt torn aſunder,
Sa-vour-na, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far from my true love,
Sa-vour-na, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Sa-vour-na, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd, eſcap'd from the ſlaughter,
Landed at home, my ſweet girl I ſought her;
But ſorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Sa-vour-na, &c.

## FROM NIGHT TILL MORN I TAKE MY GLASS.

A FAVOURITE DUET,

ung at the Theatre-Royal *Covent-Garden*, and at the *Je ne ſcai Quoi* Club.

FROM night 'till morn I take my glaſs,
In hope to forget my Chloe,
But as I take the pleaſing draught,
She's ne'er the leſs before me.
Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to eaſe my pain
Her beauteous charms created,
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

## CORPORAL CASEY,

A FAVOURITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. JOHNSON IN THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and friſky,
My dad kept a pig and my mother ſold whiſky,
My unkle was rich, but would never be eaſy
Till I was enliſted by Corporal Caſey.
Och rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
My dear little Sheelah I thought would run crazy,
Oh! when I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Caſey.

I march'd from Kilkenny,—and as I was thinking
On Sheelah,—my heart in my boſom was ſinking,
But ſoon I was forc'd to look freſh as a daiſy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caſey,

Och!

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
The devil go with him, I ne'er could be eaſy,
He ſtuck in my ſkirts ſo—old Corporal Caſey.

We went into battle,—I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate,—but they bother'd me rarely,
And who ſhould the firſt be that dropt—why an't it
pleaſe ye,
It was my good friend,—honeſt Corporal Caſey,
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Thinks I you are quiet, and I ſhall be eaſy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Caſey.

## SWEET LOVELY ROSE OF BURFORD DALE.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.

MY Roſe is ſure the ſweeteſt laſs
That ever danc'd on mead or green,
In native charms ſhe does ſurpaſs
The goddeſs fair, ſtyl'd beauty's queen;
The Swains from many a hamlet round,
Make her the ſubject of their tale,
And every lute that's heard to ſound,
Breathes lovely Roſe, of Burford Dale—
And every lute that's heard to ſound,
Breathes, &c.

Sure from that flow'r, ſhe takes her name,
That far ſurpaſſes all the reſt,
In fragrance too her breath's the ſame,
But oh! what ſweets compoſe her breaſt,
No flow'r was ever yet ſo fair
That ſportive kiſs'd the wanton gale,
Sure ev'ry charm is center'd there,
Sweet lovely Roſe of Burford Dale.

Let me this flow'r place near my heart,
I've lov'd it long, nor aught beſide,
There it ſhall lie ſecure from art,
And o'er each ſecret wiſh preſide;
I'll make it's cure my chief delight,
And morn and eve kind fortune hail,
If thou'lt, my fair, with me unite,
Sweet lovely Roſe of Burford Dale.

## THE PRINCE OF THE PEOPLE.

A FAVOURITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. DARLEY, AT VAUXHALL.

ENTHRON'D on a mountain, to freedom ally'd,
Britannia reſplendently ſhone,
Her lion triumphantly couch'd by her ſide,
And liberty blaz'd on her zone.
Enthron'd on a mountain, to freedom ally'd,
Britannia reſplendently ſhone,
Her lion triumphantly couch'd by her ſide,
And liberty blaz'd on her zone;
When thus ſung the goddeſs, in ſtrains ſweet and ſtrong,
While echo to Heaven reſounded the ſong,
O! day ever glorious, each free Briton hails,
That gave to Britannia her George, Prince of Wales.

Endear'd to all hearts, by each virtue that's rare,
Belov'd as a *Man*, and a Prince!
'Tis his boaſt the affections of millions to ſhare,
He's ſworn ev'ry deed ſhall evince!
'Twas thus ſung the Goddeſs, in ſtrains ſweet and ſtrong,
While Echo to Heaven reſounded the ſong;
O! day ever glorious, each free Briton hails,
That gave to Britannia her George, Prince of Wales!

Endow'd

Endow'd with each virtue, the dignify'd youth,
Ere reaſon enlighten'd his mind,
Burſt forth on the world in example and truth,
The boaſt, and delight of mankind!
'Twas thus ſung the Goddeſs in ſtrains ſweet and ſtrong,
While echo to Heaven reſounded the ſong:
O! day ever glorious, each free Briton hails,
That gave to Britannia her George, Prince of Wales!

## LET's TIE THE KNOT, MY SALLY.

SUNG BY MASTER SHEPHERD, AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.

I'VE found, my fair, a true love knot,
'Tis looſe by ſome diſaſter,
Come then with me to yonder grot,
And let us tie it faſter;
Or ſhall we to the grove repair,
There is no time to dally,
To Church, the prieſt awaits us there,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally.

Methinks this knot was ſurely laid,
By Cupid's fond direction,
To prove, my ſweet, my charming maid,
The cement of affection;
'Tis form'd by ſome immortal hand,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally.

No hand can e'er the band untie,
When once we are united,
For every guardian ſaint is by
When lovers vows are plighted;
The deed recorded is above,
Then let's not ſhilly ſhally,
O! let us haſte, my charming love,
And tie the knot my Sally.

WE

## WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS, BUT FOR YOU.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG, SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD, AT VAUXHALL....COMPOSED BY MR. HOOKE.

COME, ſailors, be filling the can;
The wind is beginning to blow;
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor muſt go;
What thouſands repair to the Strand,
To give us a cheering adieu,
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main-top maſt-yard
The ſailor is ſwung to and fro;
Let the tempeſt blow ever ſo hard,
He whiſtles defiance to woe.
The gale can but laſt for a while,
Is always the boaſt of the crew;
And then they reflect with a ſmile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

The battle tremendous appears,
When blood ſtains the face of the main;
Tho' thunder reſounds in his ears,
The ſailor's a ſtranger to pain;
The thought—with what rapture and pride,
Each girl will her hero review;
'Tis this makes him danger deride;
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

---

THE FAVOURITE DUET OF

## O! DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

O! dear, what can the matter be?
O! what can the matter be?
Dear what can the matter be,
Johnny's ſo long at the fair;

He

He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing ſhould pleaſe me,
And then for a kiſs, O! he vow'd he would teize me;
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O! dear, what can the matter be?
O! what can the matter be?
Dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's ſo long at the fair;
He promis'd he'd bring me a baſket of poſies,
A garland of lillies, a garland of roſes,
A little ſtraw hat to ſet off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

## DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

A FAVOURITE NEW BALLAD.....BY DR. PARSONS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ringdove builds and murmurs there,
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale,
To ev'ry paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent greenwood ſhade;
Theſe ſimple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

NOW

## NOW THE SUNSHINE OF MIRTH.

A FAVOURITE DUET.....WRITTEN BY MR. CROSS, AND COMPOSED BY MR. SPOFFORTH.

NOW the ſunſhine of mirth beams refulgent and gay,
And illumines with pleaſure the village and grove;
Your voices attune, and let this be the triumph
Of muſic, of virtue, and love.

'Tis virtue that uſhers the hero to fame;
His proweſs bright Beauty herſelf does approve,
While muſic re-echoes in praiſes his name,
And the laurel's donated by virtue and love.

Then breathe the ſoft flute, let the hautboy be gay,
The lyre in bold ſtrains of delight ſweetly move,
Your voices attune, and let this be the lay,
The triumph of muſic and love.

## A LOVER I'M BORN.

A NEW SONG.

A LOVER I'm born, and a lover I'll be,
And hope from my love I ſhall never be free;
Let wiſdom be found in the grave woman hater,
Yet never to love is a ſign of illnature;
But he who loves well and whoſe paſſion is ſtrong,
Can never be wretched, but ever be young,
Can never, can never, can never be wretched, but ever be young,
Can never be wretched, but ever be young.

With hopes and with fears, like a ſhip in the ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing and ever in motion;
When our paſſion is pall'd and our fancy would fail,
'Tis ſome little quarrel ſupplies a freſh gale,
But when the doubt's clear'd and the jealouſy's gone,
How we kiſs, and embrace, and can never have done.

WHAT

## WHAT BOOTS IT WHERE THY SOLDIER LIES.

A FAVOURITE SONG IN THE OPERA OF NEW SPAIN.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

WHAT boots it where thy ſoldier lies?
Fond regret is folly:
O'er the files why ſtray thine eyes,
Weeping, widow'd Polly?

On the bridge thy Henry fell,
I may fall tomorrow;
His death became a ſoldier well,
Mourner check thy ſorrow.

Ere night, her ſorrows ſunk to reſt;
Pale grew the roſe of beauty,
And cold the hand her ſoldier preſt,
When call'd, at dawn, on duty.

## DELIA'S COMPLAINT.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

HOW long, alas! muſt Delia mourn
The abſence of the gentle youth,
For whom with love her boſom glows,
To whom ſhe vow'd eternal truth?

My boſom heaves the lengthen'd ſigh,
Sad anguiſh fills my panting heart;
With ſorrow's ſtreams my eyes o'erflow,
Ah! why, my Colin, did we part?

Say doſt thou range ſome gayer plains,
Where fairer nymphs than Delia rove?
A fairer nymph thou ſoon may'ſt find,
But none that can like Delia love.

## THE CARSE OF GOWRY.

A NEW SCOTCH SONG.

NAE ſhepherd on the daiſy plain,
Like Donald e'er can pleaſe me;
For how can they my love obtain,
Whoſe offers do but teaze me?
Young Donald dearly doats on me,
Full weel I can diſcover,
And praiſe the place wi tuneful glee,
That gave me ſic a lover.
Of a' the vallies north of Tweed,
Howe'er ſae green and flow'ry,
There's nane o' them that can exceed
The bonny Carſe of Gowry.

Ye maids in ſilks and ſattins bra',
O give me your opinion,
Can ye from outward beauty draw,
Controul in love's dominion?
Ah me! I fear you'll anſwer—"No!
"Sic joy can ne'er betide us;
"Thro' life 'tis no external ſhow—
"But mental charms can guide us."
Of a' the vallies north o' Tweed,
Sae fertile and ſae flow'ry,
There's nane o' them that can exceed
The bonny Carſe of Gowry.

Young Donald is ſae kind a ſwain,
My boſom muſt adore him,
Nae one of a' the rural plain,
Can ever come before him:
Reclining on yon downy brae,
His pipe ſae ſweet and charming,
Delights me ilka ſummer's day,
Whilſt love my heart is warming,
Of a' the vallies north o' Tweed,
Sae fertile and ſae flow'ry,
There's nane o' them that can exceed
The bonny Carſe of Gowry.

A NEW

## A NEW SONG,

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH)

*On the preſent Confederacy againſt the Liberty of France.*

Never in Print before.....To the Tune of "Derry down."

OF ſtrange revolutions, good eating and drinking,
The riſe of bold Kate on the grand Turk now ſinking;
Of England's deep P—t, Europe's ſtiff arbitrator,
The rebels we'll ſing, and each grand legiſlator
That ſings down, down, tyranny down.

What a damnable ſet? quoth our Bouille of France,
All the throats we ſhall cut that dare freedom advance;
For this righteous job you all know I'm appointed,
So bend your ſtiff necks to the calf we've anointed.
But now, they ſing down, ſwaggerer down.

Next the High German empyric ſummon'd each brother,
Who wiſh'd the grand ſyſtem of nature to ſmother,
Saying "friends to the cauſe, you all know the hard caſe is
"Our *proter* of France cannot ſh—t fere he pleaſes,
"When town, town, his phyſic works down."

Count Whiſkers ſtept forth, with his cap in his hand,
And ſwore for gold Louis, as uſual he'd ſtand,
"For Swiſs be de true men, from int'reſt none ſway 'em—
De vill fite for de devil—if he can but pay dem."
And ſing town, town, honeſty down.

"Avaunt," cried the Catholic abſolute Don—
"About rebels debate not, great Sirs, pro and con;
"Wou'd you 'ſcape the French plague, read my wiſe proclamation,
"And their tinkers and grinders ſend quick to damnation—
"Before they ſing down, down, inquiſitors down."

"Right,

" Right, Son, by my beard," cries the meek holy father,
" Send all ſuch to curs'd France, or to Hell I'd much rather,
" Theſe reas'ners, you know, are our very worſt foes,
" 'Twas ſuch firſt complain'd of the ſtink of my toes!
" So down, down, with all reaſoners down."

Bully Swede hemm'd aloud, and look'd monſtrous ſtout,
Tho' with wanton old Kate he'd a back-ſqueezing bout;
He ſwore " Fair Antonia his parts ſhould ſoon ſee,
And the knight of her garters from henceforth he'd be,
Then wou'd he ſing down, down, fair lady lie down."

But Billy, our hero, whoſe parts ſhun the women,
For Kate's gloomy ſecrets they never once come in;
Declar'd " He wou'd arm fleets once more 'gainſt their foes,
Provided they did not mean coming to blows,
He'd ſing down, down, liberty down.

This Monſieur De Cond' and the gallant Artois,
Deſpis'd as law quibbling, and daſtard *faux paux*;
Which Billy ſo cagg'd that to all their vexation,
He involv'd the whole ſquad in dull negociation;
Which made them ſing down, down, Billy, down.

But Pruſſia's great deſpot, bold Fred'rick's ſucceſſor,
Tipt them all a ſly wink to humbug the tranſgreſſor;
So their kingſhips' agreed and proclaim'd—" That all reaſon
Which prove men have rights—'gainſt themſelves is high treaſon;
So down, down, with all reaſoning down.

Then the Pope bleſs'd each mandate, which ſacred muſt be,
And that patriot guſſling no more ſhall be free:

He

He ſwore, this holy grace ſhou'd be ſaid at each dinner,
" Vive Pope, vive rex, and the pox take each ſinner
That drink down, down, tyranny down."

Now the Turk they expell'd, for preſuming to prate,
For he call'd them all fools, and damn'd P— for a cheat;
So into Kate's arms he e'en flew from ſuch bother,
And left them behind to humbug one another,
Singing down, down, tyranny down. W.

---

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

A FAVOURITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

By the late Mr. H. CAREY.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.
There's no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:
But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:

But

But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named.
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave, and row a galley.
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally;
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

## PADDY's ACCOUNT TO HIS FRIEND JOHN BULL,

*Of the Confederates' Expedition againſt the French.*

A NEW SONG.....NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

ARRA gramachre the ſup of a dram,
You know, Johnny Bull, makes us bold as a ram;
While we have but one penny to drink we ne'er pauſe,
In a bumper of whiſkey—ſucceſs to the cauſe.
Fall the ra rol lol larol tol larol lol le—whack!

Sure a gramachre now the rights of our kings,
With every glaſs, thro' my ſhoulders ſtill rings;
So then my dear jewel, dead drunk we ſet out,
And bad luck to the rogue that e'er aſk'd what about.

Then gramachre our Brunſwick's big Duke,
For the want of a dram was juſt ready to puke;
But ſoon as he taſted the creature, ſo ſly,
He ſwore by the holy he'd fight till he'd die.

Now gramachre how our big guns did roar,
While our gallant French Princes cried bravo, encore,
And the great King of Pruſſia without any ſham,
Sent us prancing to *Longwy*, but firſt we'd a dram.

Oagh gramachre if the town had held out,
The devil a ſoul but we'd put to the rout,
And tho' the French call it a traiterous *cram*,
They open'd their gates for a ſup of a dram.

Then gramachre without any delay,
To *Verdun* we trudg'd, and took that the ſame way,
And ſo on to *Paris*—had not *Thionville*
Stopt us ſhort on the road with a damnable pill.

Oagh gramachre what a terrible ſight,
To ſee the red balls light their houſes each night;
But altho' we ſo gall'd them, it prov'd but a *ſham*,
For we all ſcampt away for the want of a dram.

But

But gramachre how we ſing'd them at *Liſle*,
For much to my grief I was there all the while;
Yet here too, thoſe rebels we thought for to cramp,
Soon gave us the colick throughout the whole camp.

Arra Brunſwick, a gra, how you rav'd on that day,
When Pruſſia's great King to his Captains did ſay—
"Friends the *right* road to *Paris*, you ſee we've miſtook,
So *he* that gets home *firſt* will have the beſt luck."

Now that curs'd Dumourier, with his Dutchman ſo croſs,
Follow'd cloſe at our heels, not regarding our loſs;
Which ſpoil'd all our ſtomachs for *Pariſian dinners*,
So we threw up the game, with bad luck to the winners.

But Brunſwick ſtill ſwore, with Artois and Monſieur,
"They'd ſup yet in Paris, perhaps the next year."
"But hark ye," ſays Pruſſia, "Sirs, follow your maſter;
And ſtraight to Berlin let me ſee who runs faſter."

Now gramachre if I ever more jog,
To be colick'd again in a French country bog;
They into a mortar poor Paddy ſhall cram;
So here's to John Bull and a ſup of a dram.

---

## THE SHIPWRECK.

A FAVOURITE SONG.....BY R. RUSTED.

Tune, "Dibdin's Tar for all Weathers."

I SAIL'd in the ſhip, Duke of Clarence,
With grog, and good liquor in ſtore,
From the Sound, to the Gulph of St. Laurence,
And left all the lubbers aſhore;
Well mann'd, with 300 good fellows,
We put out to ſea in full ſail,
By Providence watch'd, as they tell us,
We weigh'd ſhip and weather'd the gale.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Bill Bobſtay our captain commanded,
When wreck'd on the Barbary ſhore,
And at Deal only ten of us landed,
The fate of poor tars to deplore.

By the board went the main-maſt while reefing,
All hands at the pump took a ſpell,
Ev'ry countenance truly had grief in,
The reſt of my ſhipmates can tell;
In the hold there was ſix feet of water,
From ſinking ſhe no'er could refrain,
But the gale took her weathermoſt quarter,
And tho' ſhe bulg'd, righted again.

In the long boat 19 only ventur'd,
No compaſs wherewith for to ſteer,
The waves mountain high as we enter'd,
But ſailors in ſtorms never fear;
Braving dangers we ſmack'd thro' the ocean,
Though the boatſwain each night ſung a ſtave,
Ev'ry day by the wind's veering motion,
Expecting a watery grave.

'Twas the loſs of our rudder firſt taught us
Our dreadful misfortunes to know,
To ſcenes of deſtruction it brought us,
What hardſhips we tars undergo;
While the landſmen indiff'rently ſporting,
And gliding through life at their eaſe,
The ſeamen, all perils are courting,
While ploughing all on the ſalt ſeas.

---

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSON IN THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

IF you travel the wide world all over,
And ſail acroſs quite round the globe,
You muſt ſet out on horſeback from Dover,
And ſail unto ſweet Ballinrobe.

'Tis

'Tis there you'll ſee Ireland ſo famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who liv'd in the reign of King Shamus,
'Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.

CHORUS.

With my whack fal de ral, &c. &c. &c.
O the land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll ſee Ulſter, and Munſter, and Leinſter,
Connaught, and ſweet Kilkenny likewiſe,
That city, where firſt as a ſpinſter,
I open'd theſe pair of black eyes.
In this town there is fire without ſmoaking,
For a penny you'll buy fifty eggs;
And then there is ſuch wit, without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

There you'll ſee my anceſtors glorious,
The ſons of the brave O's and Macks;
Who died whene'er they were victorious,
And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
Our heads are ſtout and full of valour,
Our hearts are wiſe and full of brains;
In love we ne'er bluſh nor change colour,
And the ladies reward all our pains.

Saint Patrick is ſtill our protector,
He made us an iſland of Saints;
Drove out Snakes and Toads like an Hector,
And ne'er ſhut his eyes to complaints.
Then if you will live, and be friſky,
And never die when you're in bed,
Come to Ireland, and tipple the whiſkey,
And drink ten years after you're dead.

With my, &c.

NEW

## NEW SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HARTFORD BRIDGE.

O! YE, who for your country bled!
And now within the ocean's breaſt,
Repoſe upon a rocky bed,
By ſurly tempeſts lull'd to reſt;
Ye worthies hail! your feats upon the main,
Shall Mem'ry to her lateſt pulſe retain.

Ne'er where ye fell, ſhall ſeaman ſteer,
But for your fate ſhall duteous weep;
And bending o'er your wat'ry *bier*,
Call forth your ſpirits from the deep;
And while the troubled wind ſings o'er the maſt,
A ſigh of woe ſhall mingle with the blaſt!

There ſhall the muſing mind delight,
As o'er the ſcene the moon ſhall break,
To raiſe a viſionary flight,
And bid ideal terrors wake!
That tumult paſt, in *Fancy*'s ear ſhall ſwell,
The *ſea nymphs* dirge, the *ocean minſtrels* knell!

## A SONG.....NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

Tune, "Every Inch a Sailor."

THE wind blew hard, and culls ran ſhy
When in a garret cold and dry
With bugs well ſtow'd, and rags o'erhung,
There careleſs, thus Poll Handy ſung—
There careleſs, &c.

A jailor's wife I hope to be,
He mills the ſcamps ſo merrily,
If brims can ſnivel he can ſing,
If brims can ſnivel he can ſing,
Still faithful *only* to his King;
Still faithful *only* to his King;

He

He gets belov'd by all who ſnitch,
And drinks his gin, and toaſts his b——,
And drinks, &c.

Down ſtairs, my girls—the game comes on,
To queer the flats we eager run,
And to hand their caſh prepar'd,
Poll cheerful ſings, we ſha'n't be ſcar'd.
Poll &c.

A row, a row—my eyes behold!
Here's ſix foot Nell, that gallows ſcold,
Eager ſhe jaws—ſee flaſh Tom jump,
And tip Pat Murphy ſuch a thump!
And tip &c.

And now from roundhouſe what can ſave?
Where Blowings ſtink of gin, and rave.
The watch are brib'd by each ſly whore,
Poll ſings, as drunk ſhe pads for more.
Poll ſings, &c.

Now thro' unnumber'd ſcenes ſhe's paſt,
And to mill-doll muſt fag at laſt,
In tatters to her wiſh'd for home,
See flaſhy Poll thus ſinging come,
See flaſhy &c.

Yet for poor Moll, lord what diſgrace?
The Gigger blaſts her leering face;
She damns him for a bouncing ſwell,
And ſinging wiſhes law at hell,
And ſinging &c.

LAST CHORUS.

No jailor's wife I'll ever be,
But wiſh him ſcragg'd moſt ſpeedily;
I'll chant ſo loud, may all ſuch ſwing.
I'll chant ſo loud, may all ſuch ſwing.

Since

Since faithful only to their King,
Since faithful only to their King,
They get before all thieves firſt rich,
And drink their gin, and rob each b—h,
And drink &c.

## BONNY CHARLEY.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY, AT VAUXHALL.

O! DEARLY do I love to rove
Among the fields of barley;
'Twas there that Charley told his love,
And marriage was the parley;
What cou'd I do, but buckle to
With bonny, bonny, Charley.
O my bonny, bonny boy,
My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the laſſes rue the day,
I ſought the fields of barley;
And ſtrive to win from me away,
The heart of winſome Charley;
But ah! how vain! they canna gain
His love by all their parley;
And now they ſee he woo's but me,
My bonny, bonny Charley.
O my bonny, &c.

O ilka bleſſing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley,
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winſome Charley.
The gentle youth with pureſt truth,
So woo's me late and early,
I can't withſtand—to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.
O my bonny, &c.

SEE

## SEE RUDDY AURORA.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD, AT VAUXHALL.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
And chaſes from hence the dull night,
The huntſmen are up and the hounds 'gin to chear,
Ye gods what a glorious ſight,
Yoicks,
Jowler and Sweetlips, hark forward away!
Tantara we'll hail the ſweet morn;
To join in ſuch paſtimes no longer delay,
But follow the ſound of the horn.

The fox'd is unearth'd, and the chace is begun,
Purſuing is each hound and ſteed,
He doubles, and tries by his cunning to ſhun,
His fate, and now ſkims o'er the mead.
There cloſely purſued, by the river he aims
To eſcape to the other ſide lawn,
But, alas! he's o'erta'en, and the huntſman proclaims
His death, by the ſound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and ſweet-ſcented beaus,
Who delight in the noiſe of the town,
Hunt faſhion and folly and ſuch fooliſh ſhews,
In purſuit of which oft they are thrown;
Like them where ſuch ſtupid dull paſtime abounds,
So idly to waſte time we ſcorn,
But purſue roſy health, whilſt with horſes and hounds
We follow the ſound of the horn.

## FYE FOR SHAME.

SUNG BY MRS. ADDISON, AT VAUXHALL.

BEHOLD a damſel in diſtreſs,
Above ſixteen, indeed 'tis true,
For ever ſnubb'd, by aunty Beſs,
A croſs old maid, of forty-two;

To

To Strephon if I ſmile or ſpeak,
" That ſpirit, miſs, I'll tame."
And ſhould he kiſs my hand or cheek,
'Tis " forward, huſſy, fye for ſhame."

But yet I know, t'wixt you and I,
'Tis envy only, makes her rail,
For yeſter evening, Parſon Sly,
Stept in to taſte my father's ale.
Cloſe up to Beſs his chair he drew,
Firſt kiſs'd her, then confes'd a flame,
She ſmild and bluſhd when in I flew,
And cry'd, " fye aunty, fye for ſhame."

So let her rail no more at me,
I think ſhe now may hold her tongue,
For woman kind, I plainly ſee,
Are all alike, both old and young.
And ſhou'd young Strephon urge his ſuit,
And beg the happy day I'd name,
Believe me I wou'd not be mute,
Tho' all the world cry'd fye for ſhame.

## A NEW SONG,

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

MY ſpirits are mounting, my heart's full of glee,
Sweet Hope like a roſe on my bumper I ſee;
My cares are all colour'd with joy as they paſs,
And my ſoul is all ſun-ſhine when light by my glaſs.
Fol de rol.

Away from my view fly the world and its ſtrife,
The banquet of Fancy's the ſeat of my life;
All Love's melting energies melt in my ſoul,
And the fountain of bliſs is let looſe in my bowl.
Fol de rol.

You aſk why I drink? and my reaſon is plain,
To gild with bright colours life's picture again;
From the cold track of care my warm heart to remove,
And revel tranſported with nature and love.

The fairer I fill to the fairer I think,
Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with drink;
The bubbles that riſe, in gay colours are dreſt,
And love the ſoft ſediment, lies at my breaſt.

My ſpirits in burſts of wild ſympathy ſtart,
And friendſhip's kind current flows pure from my heart;
An ardour ſo ſocial ennobles each thought,
And I curſe the cold maxims dame Prudence has taught.

What joy, ſoothing god! when thou bring'ſt to my view,
Thoſe ſcenes of wild ſoftneſs my boſom once knew;
I gaze as fond memory's viſion goes by,
*And double the bliſs thro' the tear in my eye.*

Then give me, great Gods! but a friend with my wine,
Whoſe heart has been heated and ſoften'd like mine;
In ſocial effuſion we'll cheriſh each ſoul,
And ſhare the *wild* magic that *lies* in *our bowl.*

---

## A NEW SONG.

NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

Tune, "Mrs. Caſey."

SINCE life's a dream, as ſtoics preach,
Of good and evil notions,
And pain, from pleaſure, Doctors teach,
We have in equal potions;
What matter if from pleaſure now,
Our heads ſhould ach to-morrow;
Drink deep again, and this I vow—
You'll never dream of ſorrow!

Then

Then who'll believe that man ſhou'd grieve,
Since wine dull ſtrife compoſes,
Let *Parties* ſink—to *George* we'll drink,
And gayly ſoak our noſes.

Let ſnarling cynics paſs for wits,
Miſanthropy diffuſing,
While clamour's noiſy ſons in fits,
All harmony's confuſing;
Tho' gloomy *Paine*, that *foe* to ſong,
With his *wild ſyſtem* bores us,
We'll hold this *Right*,—"to do no *Wrong*,"
And join the cheerful Chorus
Of—who'll believe, &c.

Now what's to *us*, tho' Gallic blades,
Should bang the *ſlaves* of *Pruſſia*?
Some am'rous *Fit* theſe bold *Jack Cades*
May ſend to Madam *Ruſſia*;
Let Auſtria's mighty ruler ſtep
Between, with jealous fury,
Mad war's extremes, let who will leap,
We damn by ſocial jury.
Then, who'll believe, &c.

Now let each *Heart* of *Britiſh Oak*,
Exulting in his Charter,
Keep up the ſoul-inſpiring joke,
And *Care*, for *Wine*, ſtill barter;
Let none that will not laugh, or ſing,
Our jovial *Circle* enter,
And he that baulks—"Long live the King"
Deſerves no earthly center.
Then who'll believe that Man ſhou'd grieve,
Since wine dull ſtrife compoſes,
Let *Parties* ſink—to George we'll drink,
And gayly ſoak our Noſes.

W. C.

## BEN MAIN-SAIL's INVITATION.

BY R. RUSTED.

Tune, "Life's like a Sea."

LUFF, luff, my lads, the gale increaſes,
While we ſcud before the wind,
Reef the main-ſail, till it ceaſes;
While ſhe floats, boys never mind.
On the larboard tack we venture
And behold a craggy ſhore,
As the deſtin'd port we enter,
While the raging billows roar.

True to honour and to duty,
All ſuch maxims ſailors boaſt,
Yet we drink to love and beauty,
And can give the ſeaman's toaſt,
"Wives and ſweethearts," on the ocean,
We all ſwig it, to a man,
Fearing danger's all a notion,
Let us booze the flowing can.

The boatſwain piping, loudly thunders,
To your quarters fore and aft,
The great guns ſpunge, prepare for wonders,
While my lads the wind's abaft,
With grape, we can nine pounders rattle,
Naval heroes drink and ſing,
He that bravely falls in battle,
Nobly ſerves his Prince and King.

## A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG.

NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

TELL me no more, ye drones of ſenſe,
That hoary prudence ſhould preſide,
Shall frigid caution's jealous glance
Embitter nature's jocund tide?

No—

No—churliſh dotards, grave and wiſe,
Your booriſh precepts mouth at home,
Your ſelfiſh cant, we here deſpiſe—
Thro' pleaſure's flow'ry mead we'll roam!
Hither wing, ye ſocial train,
Fill the gen'rous brimmers high—
Wine—beſt antidote to Pain!
Cheers the heart—diſpels each ſigh;
Then taſte the ſoul-enchanting juice,
Let fancy teem with magic charms,
Dear girls, we'll ſhare the rich produce,
And claſp ye in our love-tun'd arms.

Old time ſha'nt paſs with envious haſte,
We'll ſeize the ſurrow'd knave awhile,
Let's ſoak his wings in wine at leaſt,
Then at his threaten'd havock ſmile;
That monſter, canker-fronted care
The roſy god ſhall ſoon expel
To drown the *wretch*, no wine we'll ſpare—
Cries Momus—"Souſe the villain well."
Bacchus, Comus, mirth and ſong,
Here in jollity unite,
Time, grown ſocial, will prolong
Pleaſure's reign, and gay *Old Night!*
Now drink the ſoul-enchanting juice,
Let fancy teem with magic charms—
Dear girls we'll ſhare the rich produce,
And claſp ye in our love-tun'd arms.

W. C.

## SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

SUNG BY MR. CLIFFORD, AT VAUXHALL.

THE morning dew, that wets the roſe,
Its blooming tints more lovely ſhews,
So on my Mary's face appears
The pearly luſtre of her tears;

When

When others woes, ſhe weeps to ſee,
But ah! ſhe never thinks of me.

When round the youths in tranſport gaze,
And love forbids the power of praiſe,
While ſhe with artleſs mien beguiles,
And ſweetly wounds with fatal ſmiles,
Her triumph ſtill I'm fond to ſee,
Although ſhe never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope, for ever go,
Here will I nouriſh deareſt woe,
For ſorrows ſelf can ſweets impart,
Sweet every pang that rends the heart,
And ſweet to die 'twill ſurely be,
For her who never thinks of me.

---

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A CANTATA...BY R. RUSTED.

Tranſlated from the Greek of St. Giles's.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG ſable Tom down Shoe-lane took his way,
Crying "Sóot ho, ſweep, ſweep for ſoot to day,"
Deck'd out complete, with ſhovel, bruſh and bag,
Of which a Fleet-ſtreet ſweep, might daring brag;
His bird's-eye 'kerchief, round his neck hung looſe,
For Tom cou'd flaſh, th' new drop hempen nooſe;
Tip ye Mendoza, ſew your day-lights up,
And from his ſhock bitch, flaſh a water pup;
Cou'd ſtar the glaze, or dowſe th' ev'ning glyms,
And, ſcampſman like, could come his 'eyes and limbs;'
But turning round, he ſtag'd his dear lov'd Sall,
For Lords and Sweeps are nought without a girl,
"My eyes. (ſays he) Sall ſhan't of love complain,"
Then ſtroak'd his chin, and ſung this heav'n-born ſtrain.

AIR.

AIR.

Tune, "As croſs the Fields the other Day."

Of Moll and Kate, of Billingſgate,
Let little ſnakeſmen ſing,
Of Field-lane Nan, and her flaſh man,
All Drury-lane may ring
While I my morning notes begin,
To boaſt a favourite girl,
And toaſt, with purl and royal gin,
The charms of Lovely Sall.

RECITATIVE.

Up to all rigs, Sall ſtag'd her ſooty ſwain,
For whom, be it known, ſhe never ſighs in vain,
Mock modeſt bluſhes, on her fair cheeks were ſpread,
And bunter like, uprear'd her bridl'd head,
With true St. Giles's Greek, ſhe ſeem'd inclin'd
To jaw the Court of Aldermen ſtone-blind;
*High* as *St. Paul's*, her voice prepar'd to raiſe,
And chaunt to Tom thoſe ſweet Dibdinian lays.

AIR.

Tune, "I am Jolly Dick."

I am the well known queen of hearts,
Of Covent Garden fame,
Well prov'd and tri'd by men of parts,
And flaſhy Sall's my name.
From Temple-bar to Ludgate-hill,
I always bear the bell,
And *Rights of Man*, I can fulfil,
As watchmen nightly tell.

RECITATIVE.

Tom planet ſtruck, tranſfixt againſt a poſt,
Stood kiddy like, and mute as Hamlet's ghoſt;
The quid was roll'd, the juice bedew'd the cheek,
The kiſs how ſweet, let baſe born bunters ſpeak,

But

But great as Cæſar, dauntleſs, undiſmay'd,
Cri'd *That's your Sort*, and gave this ſerenade.

AIR.

Tune, "The Greenwich Penſioner."

'Tis true, I ſweep for rich and great,
Yet dirty deeds deteſt,
I leave it to the tools of ſtate,
Who with their country jeſt;
And though my calling men decry,
An honeſt heart I'll ſhew,
True to my Sall I mount on high,
And laugh at thoſe below.

---

## A SONG....NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

"Tune, "By the Gayly Circling Glaſs."

IN thy ſparkling eyes, ſweet laſs,
I do ſee thy wiſhes paſs;
By thy pouting lips I'm told,
Kiſſes will not let them ſcold;
Soon, too ſoon thy virgin clay,
Muſt yield to hoary time's decay;
What have we with frowns to do?
Maidens ſtale, they're made for you.

By thy throbbing boſom fair,
I would preſs the luſcious pair,
In that ſide-long melting look,
I find the page in nature's book—
There I read, can read deſire,
Bid each prudiſh art retire,
Frigid cares diſſolve in wine,
Love and Chloe ſtill be mine.

L. H.

A NEW

## A NEW SONG.....NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

THE youthful morn began to dawn,
And ſhew his ruddy face,
Bright dew-drops ſpangled all the lawn,
Sol climb'd the hills apace;
The fragrance of each May-blown buſh
Diffus'd ſuch ſweets around,
The ſoaring lark, and mellow truſh,
Made all the groves reſound.

Array'd in nature's liv'ry green,
When meadows all appear,
I flew to meet my Village Queen,
Sweet roſe-bud of the year;
My longing eyes found no delight
From this enchanting view,
Till SUE appear'd, the whole was night—
No other day they knew.

The village ſwains in habits gay,
Each with his nymph ſo fair,
Were join'd in rural ſportive play,
With hearts devoid of care;
Like one abandon'd and forgot,
I ſtray'd about unſeen,
With many a ſigh, from ſpot to ſpot,
To ſeek my Village Queen.

Sad doubtful thoughts my heart oppreſt,
My ſoul was quite unſtrung;
No dawn of hope to eaſe my breaſt,
And pride ſoon tied my tongue;
I ſaw all in a myrtle grove,
Oh! that I ne'er had ſeen!
A happier ſwain embrace his love—
'Twas SUE—my Village Queen.

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

WHEN exulting we tell how our fathers of yore,
Their wrongs and oppreſſions were wont to redreſs,
How firmly they waded through rivers of gore,
And forc'd from proud deſpots thoſe rights we poſſeſs;
When we boaſt of our own revolution and laws,
Yet reprobate men, who have ſpurn'd baſe controul,
We may ſhew an acquaintance with Liberty's cauſe,
But we ſtrongly evince a contraction of ſoul.

We deem ourſelves lodg'd under Liberty's tree,
Where the whole human race might with comfort recline;
We boaſt of the bleſſing—and, Britons, ſhall we
At the joyous approach of our neighbours repine?
Forbit it—ye offspring of men who were tried,
Of men, who unſhackled both body and mind;
Forbid it—and learn, ere ye dare to deride,
That the cauſe of the French is the cauſe of mankind!

How can WE, if our ſires be entitled to praiſe,
For boldly reſiſting unauthoriz'd ſway,
How can we with averſion on Liberty gaze?
How can we be offended if tyrants decay?
Has Jehovah ſelected a new-choſen race,
And on them, and them only, his freedom beſtow'd?
If not—how can Gallic reſiſtance be baſe,
And the fate of a James ſhew the finger of God?

When the orbs of the ſightleſs receive the bright day,
Shall thoſe who have viſion preſume to complain?
Shall men ſav'd from ſhipwreck with anguiſh ſurvey
Their fellows preſerv'd from the mercileſs main?
How degrading the thought!—yet the ſons of this iſle,
Who deem themſelves nurtur'd at Liberty's board,

Evince

Evince a malignity equally vile,
In wiſhing thy ſhackles, O Gallia! reſtored.

When the will of a driv'ler held millions in chains,
Did we pity them?—no—we deſpis'd them as ſlaves;
And, now not a trace of debaſement remains,
We brand the brave people as maniacs and knaves!
Thus, ſervile or free, we the French have revil'd,
Our own half-form'd ſyſtem we proudly commend;
We boaſt our wiſe laws—tho' our code is defil'd
With ſtatutes, that tyrants wou'd bluſh to defend.

O! ſpurn the mean prejudice, Britons, and ſay,
If your fathers were right, how can Frenchmen be wrong?
The will of oppreſſors both ſcorn'd to obey,
And aſſerted thoſe rights that to mortals belong;
Yet the ſtruggles of theſe are to infamy hurl'd,
While the actions of thoſe we with triumph rehearſe;
But the bright orb of reaſon now peeps on the world,
And the thick clouds of prejudice ſoon ſhall diſperſe:

Yes! ſoon ſhall theſe truths far and wide be convey'd,
'Spite of Pindar's poor prattle and Burke's raving din,
That the thrones of true Kings by the PEOPLE are made,
And when kings become tyrants—ſubmiſſion is ſin!
That the power of oppreſſors can ne'er be of Heav'n,
A Being all-juſt—cannot juſtice deſpiſe:
A Being all-juſt—EQUAL RIGHTS muſt have giv'n;
And who robs man of theſe muſt offend the All-wiſe!

A NEW

## A NEW SONG.....NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

Tune, "Shannon's Flow'ry Banks."

FROM Dover's milk-white cliffs we ſail'd,
My heart remain'd on ſhore,
Yet honor then, o'er love prevail'd,
To murmur I forbore;
With many a wiſhful look ſtill turn'd,
Tho' to forget I ſtrove,
The fond remembrance oft return'd
Of Arno's Hawthorn Grove.

Tho' many a briny league we plough'd,
Thro' heat and cold's extreme,
I ne'er forgot the truth we vow'd,
Her love was ſtill my theme;
Thro' diſtant climes, and nations ſtrange
Dejected ſtill I'd rove,
I long'd again with Jean to range
In Arno's Hawthorn Grove.

When Bourbon's hoſtile fleet appear'd,
And Britiſh thunder roar'd,
The Lion rous'd, no danger fear'd
When "Conquer"—was the word;
Thro' blood and carnage while we fought,
I hop'd the Fates above
Might comfort Jean, for *then* I thought
On Arno's Hawthorn Grove.

The wars all o'er, and peace proclaim'd,
I thought each day a year,
And left brave Rodney's ſhip ſo fam'd,
Then flew to meet my dear;
But oh! what anguiſh ſeiz'd my breaſt,
The perjur'd Maid I love
Juſt married was—ah! ſpare the reſt—
Farewell ſweet Hawthorn Grove.

O.

THE

## THE GENIUS OF FRANCE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WHILE France, full of ſenſe and of ſpirit, purſues
The cauſe of the world, with the nobleſt of views,
Where tyranny held her unbounded controul,
Made Nature factitious, and fetter'd the ſoul.
Let us fill the gay glaſs, and with rapture advance
The ſoul and the ſong to the Genius of France.

See her ſwains rendered happy—her cities all ſhine,
Her hills "laugh and ſing" with the gen'rous vine;
Fit emblem of ev'ry true patron that lives,
He draws his ſupport from the embrace that he gives.
Then hail th' occaſion, and boldly advance
The glaſs and the ſong to the Genius of France.

See Commerce delighted, extending her arm,
With virtues all active, to bleſs and to charm;
Where Monkery, indolent, vicious, and blind,
*Laid man all in ruins, and ruffled the mind.*
Then lift up the ſong, and with ſpirit advance
The full-glowing glaſs to the Genius of France.

See Sages all ardent—ſee Patriots burn,
The faith and the moral of Nature return!
While grim Superſtitition retires to her caves,
And beckons thoſe Rebels of Nature—the Slaves.—
Then, Britons, join chorus, and nobly advance
The glaſs and the ſong to the Genius of France.

## THE OYSTER GIRL.

BY R. RUSTED.

Tune, "Dibdin's Jolly Dick."

THROUGH Fleet-ſtreet I my oyſters cry,
You've heard of "Saucy Sall;"
A laſs of ſpunk, with leering eye:
For rigs—I am the girl;

Game

Game to the ſpine, with " Jolly Dick
I take my ev'ning rounds;
And many a watchman's lanthorn kick;
I hate thoſe ſleepy hounds.

Sweet Sir, D'ye want any oyſters then
For natives, I'm your ſort,
My warehouſe is op'n from two to ten,
For gentlemen to reſort;
Your different palates I can pleaſe,
Ye Bucks come here and taſte;
Here's Meltons, and Rocks of all degrees,
And a girl with a ſlender waiſt.

When in the Garden, I could ſhine,
And like my betters dreſs,
The bankrupt, and the grave divine,
Wou'd " Saucy Sall," careſs;
The ſquire, and the lordling cit,
With me would cut a daſh,
But I, with brilliancy of wit,
Cou'd eaſe 'em of their caſh.

But now, ye gods, the change how great!
How has the mighty fell!
Juſt ſo, with miniſters of ſtate,
The ins and outs can tell;
But I thro' life, with Dick, can ſport,
Deſpiſing fortune's frowns;
And like ſome ladies, dreſt at court,
Can live by ups and downs.

---

## THE CARELESS TAR.

BY MR. UPTON.

WHAT matters, Tom, to where we're bound?
If ſlighted while on Britiſh ground,
Becauſe our pocket's low:

A foe,

A foe, d'ye ſee, can't uſe us worſe,
Kind fortune yet may favour us,
And take her Tars in tow.

What tho' we be neglected now,
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow,
No; damme, meſs-mates, no;
D'ye mind, we never did it yet,
Kind fortune ſoon may ſmile a bit,
And take her Tars in tow.

For my part, Tom, whate'er betide,
I know there's one that will provide
For you, and I, and Joe;
So brave, my hearts, the tempeſt now,
Kind fortune yet, I think as how,
Will take her Tars in tow.

Of this be ſure, tho' now caſt down,
The mermaid can't for ever frown;
Why then ſhe'll kinder grow:
And ſhiver me to ſplinters, mate,
But fortune yet may change our ſtate,
And take us, Tars, in tow.

But ſhould ſhe frown, and, brimſtone like,
Her ſaucy colours never ſtrike,
Why, then, we'll let her know
There's room enough for you and me,
To ſpend our lives in joy at ſea,
And ſhe to hell may go.

## THE POOR BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

NEAR the jaws of a priſon, in whoſe diſmal gloom
Diſeaſe ſat by Penury's ſide,
And the culprit with terror broods over his doom;
A child of diſtreſs ſadly ſigh'd:

Down

Down his wan cheek ſlowly trickled the tear,
Bereft was his boſom of joy,
'And, alas! I am driven almoſt to deſpair,'
Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

'My father, whoſe labour provided each meal,
'And to poverty oft gave relief,
'In theſe walls is confin'd, by hearts harder than ſteel,
'And my mother's been murder'd by grief;

'The infant companions, who oft were my guides,
'No longer their friendſhips employ,
'And the miſery—light-hearted pleaſure derides,
'Of the poor little blind beggar boy.

'The debt which, alas! a falſe friend made him owe,
'Robb'd my parents of liberty's ſweets;
'Each moment he breathes, is imbittered with woe,
'And nought but misfortune he meets:

'Each ſlender refreſhment from charity's ſtore,
'Or famine his ſpan wou'd deſtroy,
'And, alas! that kind hand which reliev'd, is no more,'
Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

Thus mournful he pleaded, when, ſudden as thought,
This tale near depriv'd him of breath,
That his father was gone, and his ſpirit had ſought
For peace in the boſom of death:

He ruſh'd (for affection each ſenſe did inſpire)
To his cell, ev'ry means to employ
To revive him; then claſping the corpſe of his ſire,
Died the poor little blind beggar boy.

A SONG.

## A SONG....NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

OF devils on earth, and of furies in hell,
An hundred ſtrange ſtories old women may tell,
But of devils miſchievous, whom Job never knew,
I'll tell you a ſtory—by patience it's true.
Derry down, down, &c.

In London, where Authors ſpontaneouſly grow,
For all are political dablers, you know,
From the Premier ſo high, to the fat wealthy Cit,
Nay in moſt Coblers' Stalls you may oft find a Pitt.
Derry down, &c.

As if wiſely ordain'd, theſe poor ſcribbling ſinners,
Are puniſh'd on earth, by the want of their dinners;
Their fiends call'd Bookſellers, all other Imps beat,
They give us large bones, when they've pick'd off the meat.

After fagging in garret, three days and three nights,
Perhaps in defence of brave Engliſhmen's Rights,
Big with hopes, tho' half-ſtarving, a BARD made his way,
To ſome ſhop where bold ſcandal is bought ev'ry day.

Near the door of an Imp, no great way from the Strand,
Poor Author arriv'd with his cap in his hand,
Your ſervant, good Studious, old Folio began,
"Haſt got ſomething new—if it *cuts* I'm your man."

With body low bent, and voice meek and humble,
The Bard ſhow'd his work, while his guts loudly grumble,
Saying—"Sir here's a ſatire on Knaves in high ſtation,
"Who rail againſt Thieves, yet each day rob the nation."

I ſee

"I ſee, quoth old Folio, 'tis a *thing* that may do
"If retouch'd—doſt perceive ev'ry word here is *true*,
"A few ſwinging lies—juſt to make them look blacker,
"Then it's *ſure* to go down, and you're *ſafe* in a *Backer*."

"But Sir, ſaid the Bard, while the ſtruggle within
Of ſtarving outright, or committing the ſin,
Sent his ſmall ſtock of blood in a thrice to his face,
"Such infamous lies muſt an Author diſgrace."

"Mr. Squeamiſh, quoth Folio, ſince then you're ſo nice,
"Of this piece of *dulneſs*, pray tell me the price?"
"Three pounds," repli'd Studious—"why now look —I'm a ſinner,
"If I can't buy good treaſon, for *half*, and a dinner."

With eyes red as weazles, and burſting with ire,
At the ſound of *good* treaſon our Author took fire,
Saying "avaunt, pamper'd reptile! your veniſon carve,
"'Ere I feed like a Traitor—A Briton I'll ſtarve."
Derry down, &c. L.

---

## SONG.....NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

Tune, "When bidden to the Wake or Fair."

THE charms that lurk'd in Polly's eyes,
Soft glances bore to Willy's heart,
His glowing breaſt, pierc'd by ſurpriſe,
He felt, and own'd the tender ſmart;
Long he in ſilence wore love's chain,
Nor would the wayward fates reprove;
Long time he tun'd the plaintive ſtrain,
To "Why is gold preferr'd to love?"

One day in penſive mood he ſtray'd,
To tend his ſheep on Greenhill's ſide,

When

When lo? he ſpied the lovely maid;
From church ſhe came young Strephon's bride!
'Ah! me,' he cried, with heart full ſad,
'Since Strephon's wealth thy love can move,
Your frowns may kill a fonder lad;
Ah! why is gold preferr'd to love?'

A while he droop'd in ſilent grief,
And ſought each dreary grove and cell,
Till chance afforded ſweet relief,
When in dear Polly's arms he fell;
Rich Strephon's wife ere long ſhe'd been,
His wealth no bridal joys improve;
In am'rous bliſs with Billy ſeen,
Now gold and Strephon's left, *for* love. L.

---

## A BALLAD,

SUNG BY MRS. HARLOWE, IN THE NEW FARCE OF HARTFORD BRIDGE.

ONE night, when round the fire we ſat,
And talk'd of ghoſts, and ſuch like chat,
A ſtranger, who had loſt his road,
Till day ſhould break, implor'd abode:
PACK-HORSES, 'twas his lot to guide along,
Whoſe bells the trav'ller chear with ding, ding, dong!

Againſt diſtreſs, tho' we were poor,
My father never ſhut his door,
I know not how, but from that day,
Tho' form'd by nature briſk and gay,
I felt within my beating breaſt a tingling,
Whene'er the lively PACK-HORSE bells went jingling!

When firſt he wander'd to our nook,
His courſe, it ſeems, he had miſtook;

Now,

Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's aſtray;
And, in his ſong, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his paſſing PACK-HORSE bells go gingling!

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

### A NEW BALLAD ON THE TIMES.

THE Mounſeers, they ſay, have the world in a ſtring,
They don't like our Nobles, they don't like our King;
But they ſmuggle our wool, and they'd fain have our wheat,
And leave us poor Engliſhmen nothing to eat.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

They call us already a province of France,
And come here by hundreds to teach us to dance;
They ſay we are heavy, they ſay we are dull,
And that beef and plumb-pudding's not good for John Bull.

They jaw in their clubs, murder women and prieſts,
And then for their fiſh-wives they make civic feaſts—
Civic feaſts! what are they? why, a new-faſhioned thing,
For which they renounce both their God and their King!

And yet there's no eating, 'tis all fooliſh play,
For when pies are cut open, the birds fly away;
But Frenchmen admire it, and fancy they ſee,
That Liberty's fix'd at the top of a tree.

They ſay man and wife ſhou'd no longer be one,
Do you take a daughter and I'll take a ſon;
And as all things are equal, and all ſhould be free,
If your wife don't ſuit you, Sir, perhaps ſhe'll ſuit me.

But

But our ladies are virtuous, our ladies are fair,
Which is more than they tell us your Frenchwomen are;
They know they are happy, they know they are free,
And that Liberty's not at the top of a tree.

They take from the rich, but don't give to the poor,
And to all ſorts of miſchief they'd open the door;
Then let's be united, and know when we're well,
Nor believe all the lies theſe Republicans tell.

Our ſoldiers and ſailors ſhall anſwer theſe ſparks,
Though they threaten Dumourier ſhall ſpit us like larks;
But, Britons, don't fear them, for Britons are free,
And know Liberty's not to be found on a tree.

They try to deceive us, our loſs is their gain,
Which is all we can learn from the works of Tom Paine;
But let Britons be wiſe, as they're brave and they're free,
And ſtill Britain ſhall rule in the midſt of her ſea.

Then ſtand by the Church, and the King, and the Laws,
The Old Lion ſtill has his teeth and his claws;
We know of no Deſpots, we've nothing to fear,
For their new fangled nonſenſe will never do here.
Derry down, &c.

---

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG BY MISS DALL, IN THE NEW OPERA OF JUST IN TIME.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage,
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Thoſe notes are chang'd to ſtrains of rage!

And

And ſhould, perchance in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope the door.
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part to meet no more.

Not ſo the bird whoſe choice is free,
In jocund Spring he joins his mate;
Gayly they range from tree to tree,
Their little breaſts with joy elate.
And if ſome ruder breeze ſhould blow,
Or chilling rain diſturb their reſt;
Fondly they ſhare each other's woe,
As deſtin'd partners of one neſt.

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG BY MRS. MARTYR, IN THE NEW OPERA OF JUST IN TIME.

WHEN firſt you won my virgin heart,
The time I well remember,
'Twas in the froſt on dreary heath,
The fifteenth of December.

The moon was hid, the ſnow had froze,
The wind blew hard and chilling!
You ſhiv'ring cried, "Ah! here ſhe comes;
"Zooks, wou'd the maid were willing!"

Love ſmil'd, and as we ſliding met,
Reſolv'd to ſee us humbled,
Your arm encircled round my waiſt,
I ſlipp'd, and down we tumbled.

Whilſt thus together we reclin'd
On Winter's hoary pillow,
You ſwore you glow'd with love ſo true
I ne'er ſhould wear the willow.

THE

# THE LINK-BOY,

A CANTATA. BY R. RUSTED.

(Tranſlated from St. Giles's Greek.)

RECITATIVE.

GLYM Jack, a link-boy, of immortal fame,
Whoſe noble deeds, let modern bards proclaim;
A renegado of the preſent age,
Big with events, that fill th' hiſtoric page.
St. Bride's fam'd workhouſe, gave the hero birth,
And bid the wretch, be active while on earth.
So at fam'd Drury took his ev'ning ſtand,
With blazing torch, graſp'd by the trembling hand,
When raw-bon'd hacks, with eager ſteps approach;
'Twas " Light your Grace; Does your Honour want
a coach?
" Jarvis pull up; the whip and reins diſplay,
" Coach for the city.—Miſs Griſkins ſtops the way."
" Coach, coach *on hir'd*," from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound,
While ev'ning ſneaks, the ſtage-ſtruck crowd ſurround.
The play being o'er, to Sue he ſtalks away,
And ſung this ditty till returning day.

AIR.

Tune, " I ne'er will range abroad."

They ſay *as how I lights* mankind,
Their foibles for to ſee,
To ſearch for truth the human mind,
My torch and I am free.

Dukes, lords, and *buſhops*, thro' me ſhine,
Although at college taught;
Their hearts, dear Sue, are black as mine,
You take me, *that's your ſort*.

RECITATIVE.

Sue ſtood and roll'd her bunter's leering eyes,
Quite charm'd to ſee her ſwain ſo wond'rous wiſe,
With

With ſcrew'd up mouth, on Jack ſhe deign'd to ſmile,
Then chaunts this ſtave, in *Madam Mara's* ſtyle.

AIR.

Tune " Young Teddy is an Iriſh lad."

My Kiddy is a roaring blade,
And lights both wiſe and witty;
Fine ladies, lords, and ſons of trade,
Of London's famous city.
The cuckold, and young Miſs's ſpark,
Who vows and ſwears ſincerely;
Yet like thoſe couples, in the dark,
Jack loves his Sue moſt dearly.

---

## THE DESPONDING NEGRO,

AS SUNG IN COLLINS'S BRUSH.

ON Africa's plains, where the bold lion roaring,
With freedom ſtalks forth, the vaſt deſert exploring;
From my hut I was dragg'd, and enchain'd as a ſlave,
In a dark floating dungeon upon the ſalt wave.
Spare a halfpenny to a poor negro.

Toſs'd on the wild main, I all wildly deſpairing,
Burſt my chains, ruſh'd on deck with my eyeballs wide glaring,
When the lightning's dread blaſt ſtruck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams ſhut for ever away.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

The deſpoiler of man then his proſpect thus loſing
Of gain by my ſale, not a blind bargain chuſing,
As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,
Had me daſh'd over board, in the dead of the night.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

And,

And, but for a bark to Britannia's coaſt bound then,
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been
drown'd then,
But by moonlight deſcry'd, I was ſnach'd from the
wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

How diſaſtrous my fate, freedom's ground tho' I tread
now,
Torn from home, wife and children, and wand'ring
for bread now,
While ſeas roll between us which ne'er can be croſs'd,
And hope's diſtant glimm'rings in darkneſs are loſt.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and the
ponderer,
Shall reſtore light and reſt to the blind and the wan-
derer,
The European's deep die may outrival the ſloe,
And the ſoul of an Ethiop prove white as ſnow.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune "Britons ſtrike home."

CHEERLY my hearts of oak! well done,
Another, and another gun,—
And if fell-vengeance, muſt devour,
A broadſide in her, quickly pour;
But hark, for quarter, loud they cry boys,
To ſave them ev'ry method try boys!
She's ſinking now I plainly ſee!
And at the bottom ſoon muſt be.
Then Britons with ſpeed relieve your drowning foe.
Then Britons &c.

Man all the boats, with haſte begone!
Let not the greedy waves have one;
For they have fought like heroes brave!
Tho' fate to us the vict'ry gave;
But ſee our gen'rous tars a flying
From deck to deck, to ſave the dying!
Thus, we ſtill prove ourſelves to be
Worthy the empire of the ſea—
For Britons will ſave! will ſave a drowning foe.
For Britons &c.

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune "One kind Kiſs before we part.

ONE dark night, when winds were ſtill,
Not a tree, nor leaf did move,
Jemmy reach'd the well known hill,
With heavy heart to meet his love;
With heavy heart, with heavy heart to meet his love.

Soon he gain'd the rural cot,
Where dwelt the maid he lov'd moſt dear;
Forc'd to leave ſo ſweet a ſpot!
That thought now forc'd the ſullen tear,
That thought, now forc'd, now forc'd the ſullen tear.

Deareſt Pat, I now am come,
Juſt to bid thee, love, farewell,
One ſad hour, from fife and drum,
With thee, ſweeteſt, will I dwell,
With thee ſweeteſt! with thee ſweeteſt! will I dwell,

Shou'd I in the Battle fall,
When my ſoul ſhall fly to thee!
This laſt tender ſcene recall—
Happy then in peace I'll be:
Happy then; happy then, in peace I'll be.

SONG.

## SONG.....NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

NAME not to me, my Chloe fair,
The chilling ſhock that ends our love,
Reflection's ſting from us be far,
While fate ſuſpends the will of Jove;
Anticipation's joyleſs ſource,
But feeds a gloomy brood of cares,
Pale melancholy holds her courſe,
And ſpreads for mirth, ſuch gloomy ſnares.

But, while the glow of luſty youth,
Invigorates each throbbing vein,
Oh! let my Chloe yield to truth,
For ſadneſs is the child of pain;
Then while the roſe adorns thoſe cheeks,
And Cupid in each dimple lies,
Whilſt thy bright eyes love's language ſpeaks,
Damp not our tranſports with theſe ſighs.

Then give each love-inſpiring glance
That oft has kindled fierce deſire,
Thoſe joys that did my ſoul entrance,
Without ſuch aid, muſt ſoon expire;
Now whilſt rich nature's banquet waits
And fleeting time—whiſpers enjoy;
If Chloe yields, I'm bleſt, ye fates!
True love, and wine, can never cloy.

W. C.

## N NEW SEA SONG.

NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

ZOUNDS ſhipmate, cheer thy heart my lad!
We've weather'd many a gale,
To windward keep of all things ſad,
Whilſt thou haſt a rag of ſail;

That *Frigate* boards us when ſhe likes
Which *Fortune*'s *Daughter* ſteers,
But ſmite my timbers—he who ſtrikes,
From his beſt Anchor veers:
Then cheer boy, mind your wheel
Loof up—what tho' we heel?
When ſtorms are paſt, the Sun brights up the troubled main,
Juſt ſo lad, ſmiling Hope,
Soon cuts away each rope,
That now belays us to our care,
Like grog, ſhe makes us light as air,
And ſets us, Meſsmate Will, d'ye ſee, to rights again.

Ne'er mind, my heart of Britiſh oak,
Tho' we do aſtern now lag—
Remember what our Captain ſpoke
The ſad day he ſtruck life's flag!
"We've fought, and conquer'd lads," ſays he,
"Thank Providence ſo good!
"I'm glad Death will not let me ſee
"One tar that's ſhed his blood
"For England——beg his bread,
"Or *bare* his *ſea-beat* head
"To any cringing daſtard Lubber, on the ſhore—
"Good wiſhes take your ſcope,
"Lads—there ſits ſmiling *Hope*,
"Your *Pilot* to Prince George's mind,
"Ere long, protection there you'll find—"
He ſtruck—*Hope* ſhipp'd his ſoul, and bids us whine no more!

W. C.

## NEW BOW WOW.

NEVER IN PRINT BEFORE.

OF Patriots ſo zealous for Old England's glory,
Of Placemen and Penſions, I'll tell you a ſtory;
Beſid-

s

Beſides of pretty Ladies—but pray do not blame, ſirs,
For none ſhall here be ſtarted, but high blood, and
game, ſirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Alas! what's become of our fam'd ſquinting Johnny?!
That patriot ſo bold—ah! Britons, fie upon ye!
No more you now huzza for our *Rights'* great defender,
Since he worſhips St. James's with Edmund the Pre-
tender.

This Edmund was once call'd the chief of the Party,
Not *thoſe* we *proclaim ſuch*, but men ſound and hearty;
How oft has he ſwore, great B———s to your cheek,
man,
That, had you twenty heads, he'd lop them in a week,
man.

Lo! next comes undaunted the Man of the People,
He B——s would hang too, as high as Paul's ſteeple;
But ſpying out his danger, ſly N—— beat a parley,
Then brib'd the cunning Jeſuit to doodle black
Charley!

Thus poor Johnny Bull has been humbugg'd for ever,
By ſubtle ſtate quacks, whom the mob think ſo clever,
Like Billy, now the nonſuch and wonder of the na-
tion,
*They* roar loud, when out of place, for Commons' Re-
formation.

Witneſs that noble Duke, ſo fam'd for ſtiff erections,
No Archimedes devis'd e'er ſuch warlike ſections,
"Our Commons" cry'd his Grace, "is Freedom's
ſtern battery
"'Gainſt all tyrant force—ſhall it yield to bribes and
flattery?"

But

But his Grace has retreated from all his out poſts, ſirs,
Well fortify'd with penſions, he now ſtands the roaſt, ſirs,
Should random ſhots a breach make for enemies to creep in,
He's "wha wants me," the ready tool while they let him keep in.

The Jolly Tar's Oration did their Lordſhips tickle,
Tho' his flag is hoiſted on board the Little Pickle,
He declaims with Brother G—— againſt all *new confuſion*,
Frugal Dads have often begg'd for their good boys' profuſion.

'Gainſt vice now to write is ſeditious and rude, ſirs,
None of virtue will preach but an ill-manner'd brood, ſirs,
And what's good or vicious, *ſage* Conſtables ſhall pry into,
Theſe, now the ſtrongeſt lungs—moſt luſtily doth cry un-to.

Mad Tom the noted ſcribe has ſtruck up Yankey Doodle,
And ſwears that Johnny Bull's grown a poor lankey noodle,
For which, loyal Onſlow will ſure pull his noſe, fool,
When back'd by all the Lords of G—— the F——'s cloſe-ſtool.

Good ſubjects damn all *Paines* when they preſume to twitch us.
Good ſubjects all your pains ſtill ſhould be to enrich us,
Beware of rebel clubs that wou'd reform our Parli'ment,
Ye *Flats*, call'd *People's Friends*, pray tell what *cunning* Charly meant.

Yet

Yet if Fate ſhould determine againſt our honeſt crew man,
With all our hack dependents, and they are not a few man,
If royal brother Frenchmen ſhou'd even loſe the day, Sirs,
We'll reign with G—— and W—— F——, o'er Botany Bay, Sirs.
Now truſty well belov'd, ſo zealous in your duty,
For us and *Conſtitution*, beware of rebel-beauty,
Except where finding fault with us, you ſtag their horn'd codgers in,
Then for a loyal progeny each dame you muſt keep R——. A.

---

## A PARODY ON DIBDIN'S LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a cow-boy, a ſoldier am now,
No pig half ſo ſnug in his ſtye,
Ever grunted his notes to the charmer his ſow,
As to Dolly, the milkmaid, did I,
As to Dolly, &c.
But my friend was a corporal, ſo fine he could ſtrut,
And he damn'd me for an aukward, poor, country Put.
Then he'd talk woundy things,
As how ſoldiers are kings;
And ſo plaguing did keep, and ſo plaguing did keep,
That I left my poor Doll, ſad behind me, to weep!
Then to drive I would ſcorn, my poor cows, in the morn.
Then to drive &c.
But ſoon I curs'd the corporal and his deceitful mind,
That made me march away, and leave my Doll behind.

I did not much like for to trudge with ſuch a *Rip*,
But he gueſs'd well what I was about,
So finding how I meant for to give him the ſlip,
He did nothing but knock me about,
He did nothing &c.

Ah!

Ah! cried I, maſter Corporal, it's you that's to blame,
You've coax'd me from my Doll, and I've loſt my good name,
For you talk'd lying things,
As how ſoldiers were kings:
And ſo plaguing &c.

At length I's commanded to ſtrip to the ſkin,
For curſing his kidnapping way,
When a captain declar'd, as how he thought it a ſin,
For to flog Hob, ay, and cheat him of pay,
For to flog &c.
Ah! cried I, maſter captain, if your honour will ſave,
Poor *Hob* will repent that he e'er was *ſo* brave;
And not all the fine things,
About ſoldiers are kings,
No ſuch lies ſhall me keep, no ſuch lies ſhall me keep,
Nor e'er tempt me again to leave Dolly to weep,
When ſo free from all ſcorn, ſhe would rouze me each morn,
When ſo free &c.
Before I curs'd the corporal and his deceitful mind,
That made me trudge away, and leave my Doll behind.

Well, if that be the caſe, ſaid his honour, my friend,
And your heart is ſo bent upon home,
You now are diſcharg'd, ſo your cows go attend,
But beware how again here you roam,
But beware &c.
Half crying with joy, *ſoon* I cover'd my ſkin,
Bleſs'd his honour, and caper'd away to an Inn;
There I jump'd on the *Mail*,
And got home ſound and hale,
But ſo knowing and deep, ay, ſo knowing and deep,
That poor Doll ſoon conſented with Hob for to ſleep.
Now ſo happy each morn,
I defy all the ſcorn
Of any damn'd corporal, and his deceitful mind,
And for none, but my *King*, again I'll leave Doll behind.

W. C.

CHURCH

## CHURCH AND KING.

Tune, "Rule Britannia.

WHILE o'er the bleeding corpſe of France,
Wild anarchy exulting ſtands,
And female fiends around her dance,
With fatal *lamp cords* in their hands;
CHORUS. We Britons ſtill united ſing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Poor France, whom bleſſings cannot bleſs,
By too much liberty undone;
*Defect* is better than *exceſs*,
For having *all* is having *none*.
Let Britons then united ſing, &c.

True Freedom is a temp'rate treat,
Not ſavage mirth, nor frantic noiſe;
'Tis the briſk pulſe's vital heat,
And not a fever that deſtroys.
Let Britons then united ſing, &c.

The Gallic lillies droop and die,
Profan'd by many a *patriotic knave*;
Her Clubs command, her nobles fly,
Her Church a Martyr—King a Slave.
Let Britons ſtill united ſing, &c.

Yet *Prieſtley*, Faction's darling child child,
Enjoys this ſanguinary ſcene,
And celebrates with tranſports wild,
The *wrongs* miſcall'd *the rights* of men.
But Britons ſtill united ſing, &c.

The puritanic ſpleen aſſuage,
Prolemic Prieſt! reſtrain thine ire!
Nor with ſuch idle, ideot rage,
Againſt the *Church* thy *pop guns* fire!
For Britons will united ſing, &c.

Of

Of trains of powder preach no more!
Vain is thy force and vain thy guide!
To *God* and *Kings* their rights reſtore,
Nor this *blaſpheme*, nor Theſe *revile!*
For Britons will united ſing, &c.

Wile pillow'd on his people's breaſt,
Our Sovereign ſleeps ſecure, ſerene;
Unhappy *Louis* knows no reſt,
But mourns his more unhappy Queen.
Let Britons then united ſing, &c.

He finds his *Palace* a *Baſtile*,
Amidſt the ſhouts of Liberty;
Doom'd every heart-felt pang to feel,
For merely ſtriving to be free.
Let Britons then united ſing, &c.

Go, democratic demons, go;
In France your horrid banquet keep!
Feaſt on degraded *Prelates'* woe,
And drink the tears that *Monarchs* weep!
While Britons ſtill united ſing, &c.

Our Church is built on Truth's firm Rock,
And mocks each ſacrilegious hand;
In ſpite of each *electric ſhock*,
The heav'n defended ſteeples ſtand.
While Britons true united ſing, &c.

Old Britiſh ſenſe, and Britiſh fire,
Shall guard that freedom we poſſeſs;
*Prieſtley* may write, and *Payne* conſpire,
We wiſh no more and fear no leſs;
CHORUS. While Britons ſtill uniting ſing.
Old England's glory, Church and King.

## COUNTERFEIT LOOKS.

Tune, Warwickſhire Lads.

YE Gods!—what a terrible pother,
'Mongſt men, to deceive one another;
By the high, and the low, plain dealings forſook,
By the high, and the low, plain-dealings forſook
And candor's exchang'd for a couuterfeit look;
Counterfeit look, plain-dealings forſook—
And candour's exchang'd for a counterfeit look.

The Patriot ſo ſtedfaſt and zealous,
Who, of our dear-rights, ſeems ſo jealous,
Will frown, and talk big! when the bargain is ſtruck,
And ſlip into Place with a counterfeit look.
Counterfeit look, &c.

The Stateſman, whoſe love for the Nation,
Prevents him from quitting his Station!,
Our burthens will eaſe, but his meaning's miſtook,
Our burthens will eaſe, but his meaning's miſtook
'Till his Budget he ope's with a counterfeit look.

The Lawyer who lives by undoing,
Will ſpirit us on to our ruin;
With flattering hopes, he bates his keen hook,
With flattering hopes, he baits his hook,
'Till he pockets his fee, with a counterfeit look.

The Parſon who laſhes at vice Sir,
Can alter his tone, in a trice Sir,
And cheat, lie, and ſwear, when in a ſly nook,
And cheat, lie, and ſwear, when in a ſly nook,
Then bleſs all his ſheep, with a counterfeit look.

The meek-looking Methodiſt preacher,
Sets up for a primitive teacher,

And

And damns all the names, that are not in his book,
And damns all the names, that are not in his book
Thus he ſells his own *grace*, with a counterfeit look,
Sanctify'd look, all the names in his book
Are likely to pay both his taylor and cook.

The Doctor with bolus, and bleeding,
Finds out the ſure way to be feeding,
Till the purſe of his patient is empty'd and ſhook,
Till the purſe of his patient is empty'd and ſhook,
Then he'll ſoon take his leave with a counterfeit look.

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

A FAVOURITE SONG. SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, IN THE NEW OPERA OF THE SKIRTS OF THE CAMP.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up Channel ſteer'd,
And, ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd;
To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"*By the deep*—NINE!"

And bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known objects kept in view;
An abbey-tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the veſſel true:
While oft the lead the ſeaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"*By the mark*—SEVEN!"

And, as the much-lov'd ſhore we near,
With tranſport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof!
The lead once more the ſeaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
"*Quarter-leſs*—FIVE!"

THE END.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM